But now you haue it take it.

Dio: VVhose was it?

Cres: And by all *Dianas* wayting women yond
And by her selfe I will not tell you whose.

Dio: To morrow will I weare it on my Helme,
And grieue his spirit that dares not challenge it.

Troy: VVert thou the diuell, and wor'st it on thy horne,
It should be challengd.

Cres: VVell, well, 'tis done, 'tis past: and yet it is not.
I will not keepe my word.

Dio: VVhy then farewell, thou neuer shalt mocke *Diomed* againe.

Cres: You shall not go: one cannot speake a word but it straight starts you.

Dio: I doe not like this fooling.

Ther: Nor I by *Pluto*; but that that likes not you, pleases me best.

Dio: VVhat shall I come? the houre--

Cres: I come; O *Ioue*: do come, I shall be plagued.

Dio: Farewell till then.

Cres: Good night, I prethee come:
Troylus farewell, one eye yet lookes on thee,
But with my heart the other eye doth see,
Ah poore our sex, this fault in vs I find,
The error of our eye directs our mind,
VVhat error leads must erre: O then conclude,
,, Mindes swayd by eyes are full of turpitude. *Exit.*

Ther: A proofe of strength, she could not publish more,
Vnlesse she said my mind is now turn'd whore.

Vlis: All's done my Lord. *Troy:* It is.

Vlis: VVhy stay we then?

Troy: To make a recordation to my soule
Of euery syllable that here was spoke:
But if I tell how these two did Court,
Shall I not lye in publishing a truth,
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,
An esperance so obstinatly strong,
That doth inuert the atteſt of eyes and eares,

As